

IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

ANOTHER WHISKY BOTTLE FOUND.—The Astoria Posse says Daniel Carrigan picked up a whisky bottle in Red slough, in which was the following message, written with a pencil: "May 6, 1888.—The finder of this message is hereby informed that a soldier's body is to be found at or near the mouth of Eagle creek opposite the town of Dawson, or, the town of Dawson, Oregon." It is just barely possible that this may be a genuine message, and Mr. Dawson's remains are at or near the mouth of Eagle creek. But it is also possible that the man who left with this bottle pocketed it, always after having emptied the bottle, that no one likely to take much stock in any story of this kind. Only a few days ago a bottle was reported found which was an alleged message saying I had drowned would take time to write a message, put it in a bottle, and cork it up. If some of the fellows who annex themselves in this manner would, after drinking their whisky, throw the bottle and throw them into the river, it would be praiseworthy act.

ED PONGEES' LEFT.—No, we do not please a few, at 35 cents a member of new imported things, in

interested we design a hard and wide, at just 15 cents a card.

ED PONGEES' LEFT.

ED PONG

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN

A Stirring Serial of Romantic Adventure,

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," Etc.

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CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

Some way forward am I back, and all together began to cry aloud, guests, men-at-arms, ladies, priests, and, in a word, all the inhabitants of that great house, came flying from every direction, and began to join their voices to the tumult.

Soon a way was cleared, and Sir Daniel came forth in person, followed by the bridegroom of the morrow, my Lord Shoresby.

"My lord," said Sir Daniel, "have I not told you of this knave Black Arrow? To the proof before it! There it stands, and by the road, my gossip, in a man of yours, or one that stole your colors."

"In good sooth, it was a man of mine," replied Lord Shoresby, turning back. "I would have known it. He was keen as a beagle and sterner as a mule."

"Ay, gossip, truly!" said Sir Daniel, keenly. "And what came he smelling up so many stairs in my poor mansion? But he will smell no more."

"An' please you, Sir Daniel," said one. "There is a paper written upon with some master, pinned upon his breast."

"Give it me, aron and all," said the knight. And when he had taken into his hand the shaft, he continued for some time to gaze upon it in silent rousing. "Ay," he said, addressing Lord Shoresby, "here is a hilt that followed hard and close upon my heels. This black stick, or its just likeness, shall yet bring me down. And, gossip, after a plain knight like you, and these hands, come to wind you about. It is like a sickness—it still hangs, hangs upon the limb. But let us see what they have written. It is as I thought, my lord; you are marked, like an oak by the woodman, to-morrow or next day will come the axe. But what wrote ye in a letter?"

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE ABBEY CHURCH.

In Shoresby Abbey church the prayers were kept until night without cessation, now with the singing of psalms, now with a note or two upon the bell.

Rutter, the spy, was nobly waisted. There he lay, meanwhile, as they had arranged, him, his dead hands crossed upon his bosom, his dead eyes staring on the roof, and hard by, in the stall, the lad who had slain him waited, in sore disquietude, the coming of the morning.

Once only, in the course of the hours, Sir Oliver leaned across to his captive. "Richard," he whispered, "my son, if ye mean me evil I will certify, on my soul's warfare, ye design upon an innocent man. Sinful in the eye of heaven do declare myself; but sinful as against you I am not, neither have been ever."

"My father," returned Dick in the same tone, "what is this?—What is this?—What is this?"—and then he burst into tears, sobbing shrilly, as though he had been in vain, and that he had stoically restrained them.

The priest uttered a sigh so heavy that it almost touched the lad into some sentiment of awe. "It is Richard Shoresby," said the priest, "the hour-horned knave!—Slay him he will be seized! For all our livesakes, let him bind him and bind him surely! He hath sworn death."

Dick was confounded to be thus outface with his own exaggerated words, but though he could not help laughing at such a turn of fortune, he should be there.

"Truly," said he, "we are in strife. Yet, could I but win out of this house for half an hour, I do honestly tell myself that all might still go well enough for the marriage, it should be done."

"And for the lions!" mimicked the girl, "they shall be driven."

"I crave your excuse," said Dick. "I speak now in any boasting humor, but rather as a man who has come to consider, if I get not forth of this house and through these sentinels, I can do less than naught. Take me, I pray you, rightly."

"Why, and ye was rustic Joan?" said the girl impudently. "Warrant ye, her tongue in his head; ready, soft, and bold for speech or pleasure? What would ye more?"

"Nay," sighed Joanna with a smile, "they have changed me my friend Dick. 'Tis sure enough, when I last saw him, he was rough indeed. But it matters little; there is no help for my hard case, and I must still be Lady Shoresby."

"Nay, then," said Dick. "I will make the wife, and not much regarded; and if I found a good wife, I had me up. I may find another to be come to me. How call they the name of this spy?"

"Rutter," said this young lady; "and an excellent name to call him by. But how near, yo' hon'drable, there is no help for my hard case, and I must still be Lady Shoresby."

"To offer boldly to go forth," returned Dick, "and if any stop me, to keep an unchristian countenance, and say I go to pray for Rutter. They will be praying over his poor clay even now."

"The device is somewhat simple," replied the girl.

"Nay," said young Shellesby. "It is no device but a simple truth which serveth often better in great strife."

"Ye say true," she said. "Well, go, a Mary's name, and may heaven speed you! Ye have a poor maid that loves you entirely, and loves you heartily your friend. Be wary for their sakes, and make not shipwreck of your safety."

"Ay," added Joanna, "go, Dick. Ye run no peril, whether ye go or stay. Go; ye take my heart with you; the saints defend you!"

Dick passed the first sentry with assured countenance that the fellow merely fired and started; but at the second landing the man leaped in space across and bade him name his business.

"Par soldiers," answered Dick. "I go to pray over the body of this poor Rutter."

"Like enough," returned the sentry; "but to whom?"—"To whom?"—"Permit me you," he said, "to be your guide, and whistled shrill. "One cometh!" he cried; and then motioned Dick to pass.

At the foot of the stair he found the guard stiff and awe-struck, and Lawless the commander of the post ordered four men out to accompany him to the church.

"Let him not slip, my lads," he said. "Prithee, to thy deliver, on thy lives!"

The door was then closed, and when the men took Dick by either arm, another marched ahead with a link, and the fourth, with bent bow, and the arrow on the string, brought up the rear. They then proceeded through the garden under the thick darkness of the night and the falling snow, and drew near to the dimly-illuminated windows of the abbey church.

At the head of a picket of archers stood, taking what position he could and in the hollow of the arched doorway, and all powdered with snow; and it was not until Dick and Lawless had exchanged a word with them that the men suffered to pass forth and enter the hallowed cathedral.

The church was doubtfully lighted by the tapers upon the great altar, and by a lamp or two that swung from the arched roof beams, and the tops of illustrious families. In the midst of the choir the dead spy lay, his limbs stoutly composed, upon a bier.

A hurried matins of prayer sounded along the arches; coverts flighted in the stalls of the choir, and on the steps of the high altar a priest in pontifical vestments celebrated mass.

"Master Dick," gasped Lawless, "the thing done upon me, and, coming down the steps which served as the choir, he clung above that of the nave, demanded from the leader of the four men what business brought him to the church. Our of respect for the service and the dead, they spoke in guarded tones, and the echo of that huge, empty building came up from their ranks, and hollowly repeated and repeated them along the aisle.

"A monk!" returned Sir Oliver (for he it

say, though I could never hear of any that came back to say so.)

And so young, stout old rascal leaned hard on his staff, folded his arms, and began to look about him with the greatest air of insolence and unconcern.

"And for the matter of that," Dick added, "it is for the sake to keep quiet. We wet not yet what Beckwith's plan was; and when all is said, and if the worst befall, we may yet clear our feet of it."

And then the short young lady fell on her knees by Joanna's side, and, as her mother, "I can bear testimony, on my conscience and before the face of all the world, that this maiden saith is true, it was I."

"Doubtless, that did feed the young man."

Dick keeping his bowl about his face, signed to Sir Oliver to move a pace or two aside from the archers; and so soon as the priest had gone, he turned to young Shellesby. "Sir Oliver," he said, "there is a right intri- cate affair, the which, with your good leave, it shall be mine to examine and adjust. Content ye, then; your business is in care of the church, and the secular musicians could be despatched drawing near over the frozen snow, the fifers and trumpeters scatter in the face with fu-blew, the drummers and the cymbals, beating as a winter's day."

Some of Lord Shoresby's men now cleared a place, and the minstrels, with the pipe and the bow, and the fife and the drum, began to break forth in a doubling peal, and a greater and greater concourse of people to enter into the church, shuffling the snow from off their shoes, and dropping the snow in their hands. The west door was flung wide open, showing a glimpse of sunlight, snowy street, and admitting a great gulf of the sharp air of the morning; and, in the corner of the porch, a tall, gaunt, gaunt figure, the wedding-train, was drawing near.

"Sir Oliver," he said, "what brings you here, in the stalls all night? and for the wedding-train?"

"I know not; but I much mislike it to be evil."

"Nevertheless, for the kindness that was, I would not willingly deliver you to him."

"Bart, keep him hard in silence, and have your hurts attended. The air is sharp, and the weather is cold."

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DUKE'S CAMEO CIGARETTES.

PICTURES.

the costly and beautiful works of art,

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displayed in many store windows of Oregon, are encased in heavy gold frames, with burnished and ornate sides and imported glass. They are from any advertising matter, and used exclusively for the patrons of

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Oregonian, Portland,

next number of empty (5-cent) boxes of DUKE'S CAMEO CIGARETTES on May 27, 1888. No specified number of boxes is necessary. In other words, a dozen or such boxes will secure the picture.

"I am sure I don't know!"

"I suspect they have."

"I must run in and see her at leaving them off," he said.

"Well, Helen, are you not

fining the cologne and put some

in the crook of your arm?"

I lay the heavy purse that has

my mind and body, too, carefully

and as I get the robe off.

"You don't seem anxious about

toggling things."

"I have a headache, I don't

know what happens to me."

"Didn't you have a good time

little spottily; then I added,

"A lovely day to go to River-

mouth, and it was splendid."

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